PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
£1.50

FRANCE Francs 36, ITALY Lire 640
AUSTRIA AS 65, SWITZERLAND
Francs 6.2, GERMANY DM 16
NETHERLANDS Gld 9.9, SPAIN Ptas 70

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VOLUME 17 NUMBER 10

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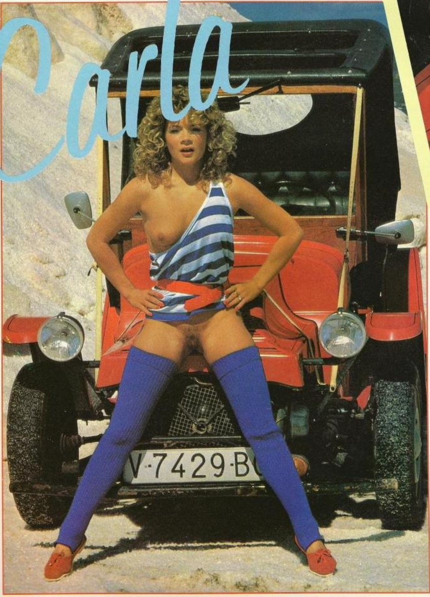

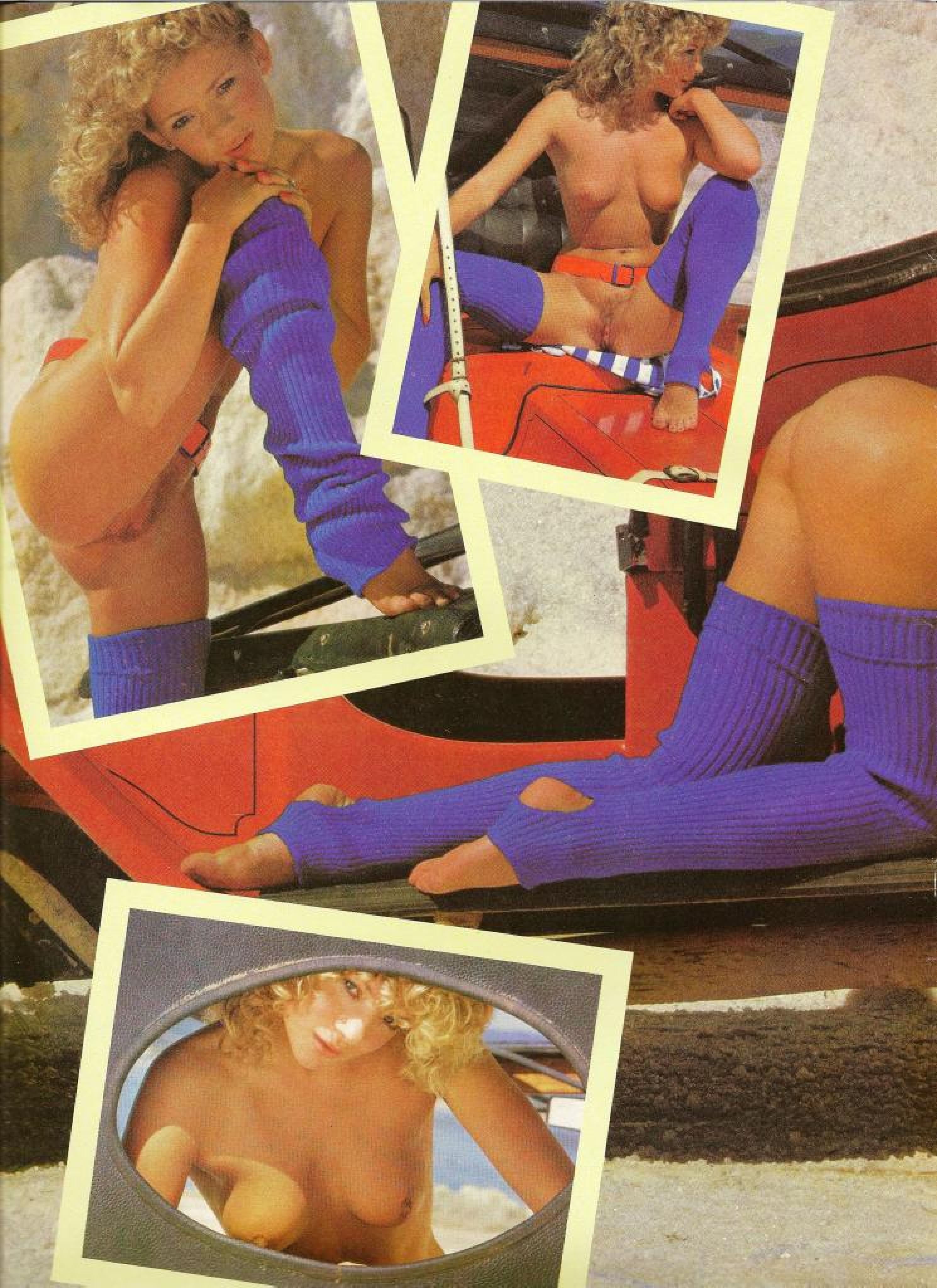

TANYA

Let's face it, with looks like these, she'd make a soul-deep impression were you to spot her in a C & A mac

Photographs by Robert Lorraine

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E WITH inzi

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

I've often wondered what makes you randy lot pick up a hitch-hiker – is it for the company, do you feel sorry for them, or is it that plunging neckline, high heels and those tight, tight denim shorts? Well, I suppose you would only stop if they were dressed like that, and it wasn't a geezer! I used to travel a lot that way, usually dressed very provocatively, showing plenty of leg, titties and thumbs stuck well out. These days the only hitchin' I do is confined to saucy photos. And I'm wearing less!

A few months ago, I was photographed for an album cover entitled *The Pros and Cons of Hitch-hiking.* It featured a very sexy full-length back shot of naughty, naked Linzi hitch-hiking, wearing only a backpack and red high-heeled shoes. Life-size posters were plastered all over London, and I was always greatly amused to read all the various graffiti that seemed to be added to them every day. Randy guys drew huge cocks between my open legs, and frustrated feminists stuck 'This Is Degrading To Women' stickers all over my ass!

It caused quite a lot of controversy in the Press, yet nobody knew who the model was. It was sort of a surrealistic fantasy shot that didn't reveal my face at all, just my heavenly body (the photographer's words, not mine!). It's funny though; those few days' modelling brought back all my hitching memories.

From about the tender age of 18, I took to the highways and byways of Britain. Most weekends I would set off with a girlfriend or two, hopefully in search of a leary weekend. I was always attracted by the bright lights of London, so this was a favourite trip of mine, and I met some really interesting people along the M4!

Meaty Girlfriend

Even when I was just on a night out in Bristol, I never bothered with cabs: it was always a case of sticking my titties and thumbs well out! I never really ran into much hassle, although I rarely hitch-hiked alone. I had a very big, meaty girlfriend who seemed to frighten all the nasties off! We travelled in all sorts of style – from Rolls-Royces to Ford Anglias, cement lorries to ambulances – up and down the motorways of England and Wales.

I met a smashing guy from Leicester on the hard shoulder of the M5. Some loony driver had dropped myself and my meaty mate Tracy off there after a horrendous journey in his old banger. He kept bragging to us how his wonderful car could do a ton, but by the time he reached 60mph, I wanted out! So we got out, and were left stranded on the hard shoulder, which of course is illegal (naughty ol' me!).

Anyway, as good luck would have it, along came my knight in shining armour, a good-looking blond guy, driving a silver Rolls-Royce, who looked just like a pop star. He wasn't, but what the hell, who was being fussy at a time like that! We were on our way to Birmingham to see a band play, but we ended up in Leicester, where Linzi did a little playing with hunky Peter, the Roller driver.

Anyway, back to the hard shoulder. 'Hop in, girls' invited Peter, so in we hopped. I sat up front as usual, as Tracy had an annoying habit of falling asleep, leaving me to entertain the driver with polite conversation. But this time, the conversation took on a very suggestive theme. Every time he touched his gear stick, his hand brushed against my thigh. This was especially noticeable as he was driving an automatic! I

PHONE
NEWPORT
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LIFE WITH Linzi

judged him to be about 28, and as I was still under 20 this made him an OLDER man! Whatever next?

When we went into his house in Leicester, the presumptious bastard slipped straight into something cooler – well, a towelling dressing gown. But I soon got rid of that (and my skimpy clothes as well). Tracy had woken up to make her sleepy entrance into the house and then promptly snuggled up on the couch to continue her snooze. Very exciting, eh? Still, it left the coast clear for me, 'cos I certainly wasn't into threesomes at that age. Peter was just about all I could manage!

We had a wonderful fuck on the rug in front of a roaring gas fire, while Tracy was still out for the count. I went off to shower and Peter followed me in, his cock still sticking out like a flagpole. I knelt down and sucked at it hard, as the hot water beat down on my face and his warm, sticky come spurted all over me.

All dried and cosy, we clambered into his big bed and I snuggled up to him, and began to do a Tracy – but Peter wasn't finished yet. I could feel the tip of his warm cock rubbing me from behind as I drifted off to sleep. I must have been asleep for just a few minutes when I awoke to feel his rampant cock penetrating my wet pussy lips. I'm sure everybody loves those gentle sleepy fucks and I think that was probably a first for me as I didn't stay out all night very often.

I just lay there helplessly as Peter pounded his hard shaft into me for what seemed like hours before his hot spunk mixed with my own come. Then I cuddled up and drifted off to sleep, his cock still tightly inside me.

Ever Persistent

It was daylight when I woke, and the ever-persistent Peter was pumping his ever-rigid cock into me yet again: I wondered if he had ever stopped? Not that I was complaining, mind you; I'd never had it so good! After he had come yet again, he went down on me and sucked and licked my pussy until I began to shudder uncontrollably – my shouts were so loud, they even woke Tracy up!

She came and got into bed with me, while Peter the Poke showed off some of his other talents and made us a slap-up breakfast. Another shower, yet another fuck and Tracy and I set off for Birmingham. I could hardly walk; that I can remember *very* clearly!

I don't know about Peter. We left him to his own devices, but I'm sure he must have been shagged out too. Mind you, Birmingham wasn't half as much fun as Leicester, where I sampled the delights of Peter's five-star bed and breakfast!

Another bunk-up I had while hitch-hiking was with a long-distance lorry driver. He had all the facilities right there in his cab: two made-up bunk beds (one for me and him, and one for Tracy). She was underneath! Funny place to spend a night, in a lorry park at Heston services. Come to think of it, I haven't had a bunk-up in a bunk for a long while!

Mind you, I turned the tables and picked up a hitch-hiker myself a few weeks ago when I was driving to Devon to be photographed for a calendar. It's a long boring motorway drive of over 200 miles, so when I spied this cute-looking student-type holding his 'Exeter please' sign, I pulled over and picked him up.

He was indeed a student. I judged him to be a little younger than me, maybe 21 or 22. Goodness me – first an older man and now I'm cradle-snatching! Not that I had actually seduced him or anything, but I was working on it. Time was flying by as we sped along the M4 and then joined the M5.

Naughty Activities

It was nearly lunchtime as we reached the services near Exeter, so we stopped for a cuppa, and a kiss and a cuddle. As you've gathered we were, by this time, getting along very nicely.

Unfortunately, I had to be in Cheriton Bishop by three o'clock to start flashing my titties for my calendar shots, which left me with very little time for naughty activities. Of course, I've never been averse to the old quickie – but where? It was too bloody nippy to disappear into a field, and we'd have to find one that didn't have

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Tuesday 26
Wednesday 27

strange animals wandering around.

Thank heavens for the hatchback car! I had recently changed my sports car for a Metro Turbo, complete with a wonderful amount of space (once the back seats were down). It was just right for having a romp, although I had yet to try it out!

Erotic Student

We set off in search of a lonely spot, which we found en route to a village called Topsham. I parked up, and my erotic student, whose name was Andy (naturally nicknamed Randy Andy) dragged me over the front seat into the back.

It was all very feverish. We didn't bother to undress, just tore at each other's clothing to reveal the interesting bits. He had a short, fat cock, which grew rapidly between my fingers as I grabbed at it and began to wank it up and down. I wanted to feel his cock in my mouth, so I manoeuvred myself into a 69 position. It was a major operation, but well worth the effort. His quick darting tongue worked wonders, and in no time I was coming like crazy.

He whisked me around and began to fuck me. I lay flat while he straddled me, pushing his fat cock deep inside my twitching pussy. As we both began to come together, poor Randy Andy kept hitting his head on the car roof. I'm not sure if his cries were from ecstasy or pain from all that head-banging! But I certainly enjoyed our quickie.

Even so, it was a good job my calendar photographs were all front shots, as I had a few grazes in the small of my back as a telling reminder. Wonder if Randy Andy had a headache?

Apart from my hitch-hiking escapades, I've been fairly busy this month on various modelling assignments. Last week I was working on the Cannon and Ball show, dressed as an air hostess in a slapstick comedy sketch, revealing as much cleavage as is allowed on London Weekend Television. Yesterday I was dressed only in a nightie, frolicking with Little and Large in a prison cell! You never really know what their names are referring to, do you?

Talking of nighties, I was recently modelling for an

LIFE WITH Linzi

underwear catalogue called *Scintillation*, where, apart from dressing up in numerous baby doll nighties, I also modelled some great novelty gear. One little outfit I was particularly struck on was a three fig-leaf costume, sold as *Eve*.

Well, I had been invited to a fancy dress party just after that assignment and I thought my three fig leaves might just cause a scintillating sensation. It did, and I found a gorgeous Adam who carried me off to have his wicked way with me in his jungle den (well, his flat in Peckham!). Mind you, he did have leopard skin sheets on his bed, and he beat his chest when he was ejaculating! I think he got it all a bit mixed up with Tarzan, but who cares?

Well fellas – gotta fly now; keep hard at it, and don't forget to write in and tell me all about it! I've had some wonderful letters from you leary lot, and we'll be publishing them every month in Club along with my column, so do keep a look out for yours if you've written in. Hope you all have a happy New Year and stick to your New Year's resolutions. If you make any really dirty ones, do keep me informed.

By the way, to start the New Year with a bang, Club's Big Boss, Paul Raymond, will be opening his new spectacular, *Razzle Dazzle Burlesque Show* at the fabulous La Vie en Rose, and little ol' me will be topping the bill for a while. So why not take a break and come along and watch me tantalize you with a little sexy undressing? Hope to see you there! Until next time, be good.

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I would like to undress you. I would dress up in your clothes. Then I would lick between your lovely long legs and then slowly suck your large breasts into my mouth.

I would then undress and force my penis into your mouth making you suck me until my penis is as hard as a rock.

After covering your moist pussy with ice cream I would fuck the arse off you, and just before I came I would take my penis out of your pussy and shoot my load all over your beautiful big breasts. After I'd licked my sperm off your tits I would make you lick it off my tongue.

No chance of this happening is there?

Rick

You horny bugger! Life is a funny thing, Rick – you never know what's going to happen next. So keep it ready for if I ever come across you.

Dear Linzi,
We must be about the same age (I'm 24), so where have you been all my life?

I just can't put the magazine down now I've laid eyes on you. You really are gorgeous. Your fella is the luckiest guy in town.

But if you're ever stuck for someone to take you out for the evening, you know where I am.

Chris, British Forces

What a lucky girl I am to have such a gentleman offering his services. You'll be top of my list if I am free one evening.

Dear Linzi,
Thank you for being beautiful and being what you are. One very rarely finds a 'real' classy girl in magazines, nor does one expect them to be witty and intelligent. It seems that Club have come up trumps though, because you are.

Although I have a girlfriend I still take great enjoyment from getting off on those great pictures of you. What I'd love to do to you would be to slide my cock between your tits whilst sliding a finger or two up your cunt. Then I'd roll you over and let you take it from behind – your bottom is so perfect. It takes me no time to get an erection over you.

Quite often, if I'm feeling a bit down and my girlfriend isn't in, I'll go off and have a look at you. That soon does it!

Chris, St Andrews

Does what?! But seriously, I'm glad my pictures help keep your pecker up. And I mean that any way you care to take it.

Dear Linzi,
I look forward to buying Club every month just to see what you are going to do next, and you never disappoint me!

I didn't think I was a fan of uniforms, but when I saw your set in Club Vol 13 No 11, I only just managed to get my cock out before I started spurting, and I hadn't even touched myself!

The picture of you as a cheerleader is absolutely mind-blowing, but my favourite is the one on page 15, where your legs are spread wide and one hard nipple peeks coyly from your bra. You really do look innocent licking that lolly!

Phil, Lancaster

I don't always look so innocent when I'm licking other things!

Dear Linzi,
Yet another plea for you to do a school uniform set. And persuade the editor to make it a full-sized spread.

I can just visualize you in a short skirt, showing those lovely long legs, white knickers (both up and down), and – please – at least one shot of you bending over, knickers down to mid-thigh, exposing your pretty little bum and revealing a tantalizing view of your gorgeous pussy.

The very thought makes me hard, you bewitching little devil.

Teddy, London

A bewitching little devil, eh? Anyway, I hope you enjoyed my school uniform piccies in the Vol 13 No 11 edition of Club. You can certainly look forward to lots more views of my 'gorgeous pussy' though!

Dear Linzi,
I'm just writing to tell you about our pastime at work. In our lunchtimes, after we've all chipped round for Club International, we pin your picture to the dartboard (not because we have anything against you – quite the opposite).

We have a nickname for darts down here – big pricks. We try to see who can get the most pricks in you on the board. Eventually the winner gets the remainder of your pics to take home. So far I've won the most.

And can I say – not only from me but from the Mrs – we think you've got the best figure we've ever seen. Keep it up girl – or down or whatever the case may be.

I don't suppose you're open to everyday invitations, but if you were, Jane, my wife, and I would love to spend a night with you.

Neil, Bournemouth

May I ask what part of my body is the Bullseye? Ouch!

Dear Linzi,
I am only eighteen and I can't wait to fuck you. I know you will enjoy it because other girls have enjoyed the passion of having sex with me. I cannot stand the hardness of my dick. I really do want to fuck you.

Omar, Bury

I'm sure I'd love it, Omar, but I wouldn't want to deprive all the other girls of the passions of having sex with you.

Dear Linzi,
I must say I really go for girls like you who just think: 'Right, I want to get fucked!', and you just stop what you're doing and get right into it.

A few years ago I was lucky enough to have a girl like that. She loved being fucked stupid. She was always willing wherever we were and whatever we were doing.

On hot summer days we just used to forget about work and take off on my motorbike. It was a Triumph 750 twin. The vibrations of the two cylinder engine were something else.

I used to sit in such a way that I could get the vibrations bouncing my balls about on the tank. Alison, on the other hand, was always dripping wet after about 20 miles of the bike's vibrations and always eager to fuck.

I only wish I could have the chance to bend you over the tank and give you some good vibrations up your juicy lovehole.

Anyway, Linzi, keep up your good work and let's have some more suspenders and stockings, and lots of lovely pouting lip shots with bright red lipstick so I can jerk off when I imagine you giving head.

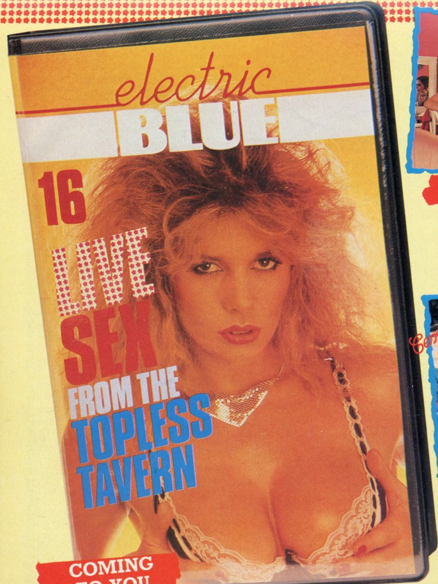
Erotic Highlander, Scotland

There's nothing I like more than getting my legs round a man on a bike!

Dear Linzi,
I'm 39, and lead an active sex life. I have made love to more than 500 women at least. If I don't have a girl every second day, I get a headache.

Normally, I try to fuck every day, with wonderful masturbation in between. This morning, I masturbated twice, and a moment ago I made love to one of my girlfriends, Fabienne, who's 21 years old, and hot like crazy! She is Swiss, beautiful and sexy! Now to the reason for my letter, Linzi. I want to meet you and I want to make love to you. I want to give you some supersexy, erotic and very daring

continued on page 35



PIZZA PARTY

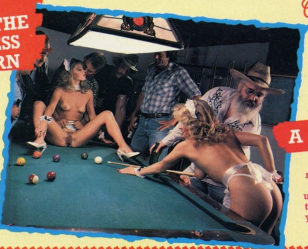
Our High School girls get boffed in turn by the Pizza man – Yes, he really does deliver! These girls squeal with delight when he gets out his salami and porks them on the spot – it's a pizza cake!

Centrefold

LISA

The dreams of a water nymph. This is a portrait, or rather the ins and outs, of the most heavenly body featured for many a month.

COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM THE TOPLESS TAVERN



Where our barmaids are pulling more than pints and there's more to get your mouth round than a packet of crisps. Whether you're after a poke on the pool table or a bang at the bar – there's plenty of action here for everyone.

Centrefold

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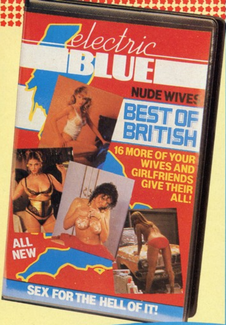

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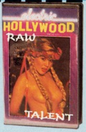

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